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The Monarch Philanthropist

SAN FRANCISCO:
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587 Mission Street, below Second.
1892.

TO THE
FARMERS' ALLIANCE, LABOR ORGANIZATIONS, AND ALL
WHO ARE TRUE DEFENDERS OF FREE INSTITUTIONS
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Chapter I.

THE principal street of one of the loveliest of the suburban villages that rest upon the shores of San Francisco Bay stretches away to the northeast, into a region where as yet the face of Nature has not been hidden by the improvements of man. When you have passed the last new and pretentious residence of the long rows which lengthen month by month, and the fields open to the right an- left, the view is one whose beauty strikes the most thoughtless observer, and its air of peaceful quietude comes like a balm to the spirit of all who have been wearied by worldly cares. Over hill and vale rising and falling on either side, stretching away to the dimpling waters of the inland sea, or on to the mountains, far away, is spread a rich covering of verdure embroidered in the gold of the harvest king, proof of the fertility of the soil, that bountifully rewards the labors of the husbandman.

On a gentle eminence, that stands a little way beyond the point where city and country meet along this street, Joseph Addison built a home. All about it were forest trees, crowning the elevation, but their ranks were not so close as to shut out the view of the broad acres to the north and west which should produce for him a golden harvest with each succeeding season. Before it the ground sloped away to the street, three hundred yards distant, where a line of stately eucalyptus trees marked the border of his land.

The house spoke the character of its builder; like him it was individual and unconventional, differing widely in appearance and plan from the villas which throughout the town close at hand repeated the idea of one architect. Octagonal in shape, its walls rose three stories with little of outside ornament, windows on every side lighting each floor, and the whole was surmounted by an observatory, also eight-sided, and commanding a range of view such as few buildings even in this exceptionally favored neighborhood could claim. Within, its arrangement was no less striking, but its many rooms were all bright and cheerful, and each had the charm of homelike comfort.

It was more than a home to Joseph Addison—it was a retreat, the realiza

tion of his dreams for years. In all his struggles with untoward circumstances and efforts for honest gain the picture of such a place, a haven of rest for the afternoon and evening of life, had been kept ever in his mind. He had known no prouder, happier moment, than the one which saw the home completed and within its walls the true and loving wife, the fond and trusting daughter, who were dearer to him than his own life. He had known much of hardship, and while he had conquered, at least so far as to make seemingly secure the future for himself and those he loved and guarded so tenderly, his nature had not been embittered or his generous heart hardened. He had reached the prime of life, but while his work and opportunities had drawn him from the home in Maine, where his boyhood days were spent, far away to the Golden West, his form was still erect and stalwart, his face frank and open, and his hands, even if seamed by toil, ever ready to do a kindly deed. Courteous to his equals, kind to the unfortunate, firm in defense of what he believed to be right, despising hypocrisy, he endeavored to prove by his life that he belonged to the "Aristocracy of Manhood."

The partner of his joys and sorrows was such a mate as such a man would choose—a wife whose unselfish care, loyal faith and noble aims appealed most strongly to every generous impulse, and in the years the two had passed together their tastes, desires and hopes almost insensibly had grown identical.

Rose Addison, the flower of the household, the pride of this loving pair, was the one child whose coming had gladdened their hearts, whose beauty had ripened from day to day until at length, a child no longer, it made her presence the radiance of their home, and to those who knew her was only heightened by her gentle, unaffected manner, and sincerity of heart.

Never was there a happier home—a more contented family, and Joseph Addison sometimes felt that his reward had been too great, his blessings earned at too little cost. Resting at the close of the day, his wife at his side, her warm hand clasped in his, her patient face leaning against his shoulder and wearing a smile of love and contentment, in their ears the music of a young, sweet voice singing softly just within the door, unbidden tears of joy and gratitude would rise to their eyes, and the clasped hands press each other more closely and trembling lips meet in a caress that told the fullness of their hearts.

A few short years of this blest quietude and rest had passed and then a cloud, suddenly and without warning, came into the sky which had been so clear and bright. The Addison farm had attracted the attention of an official of a railway corporation that planned the building of a line into the suburban town, and he decided to buy the place for use in the scheme. Addison was approached, but would listen to no proposition that deprived him of the home he had worked so long to realize. He could set no price upon the farm. He felt that his home had become a part of himself, a spot around which already the dearest memories

clustered, and to give it up, no matter how large an amount of money was received in return, would bring bitter sorrow to himself and his dear ones. It was all his own, in plan and purpose, and safely sheltered in that home the harvests from the smiling hillsides all about it would make him through life as wealthy as he cared to be.

The farmer may have thought the matter settled by his refusal to listen to the magnate's offer, made in person; if he did, he little knew the man he had to deal with, or the principles which dictated his course in life. A second and slightly increased offer was made for the place, and this, like the first, was firmly but respectfully declined.

"I do not wish to sell," said Joseph Addison. "I hope to end my days here, and so long as I am able to keep it I shall remain on the place."

"Then I will see that you are made unable to keep it," returned Eland Lanford, and his face darkened with the anger he was unable to suppress. "You may take the price I offer you and give it up willingly, or you may sulk and attempt to beat me, only to find yourself crushed in the end. The place I will have, even if I have to ruin you to get it!"

The two men parted, but Joseph Addison's step had lost its lightness as he turned back to the house. To his wife he described his second interview with Lanford, and repeated the threat the man had made.

Mrs. Allison was taken by surprise, and the look of grave consideration upon her husband's face alarmed her.

"You must have misunderstood him, Joseph," she said. "Mr. Lanford has the reputation of being a good and very charitable man. He could not mean to do us harm. Why, all the newspapers praise him, and almost every week speak of some new work for good that he has begun. I have just read that he is to found a charity, and he is already called 'the monarch philanthropist of the nation!'"

"And others say that his real character is the opposite of all this. It is said just as openly that he is anything but truly good or charitable, and that he should be called 'the monarch robber of the nation.' A philanthropist does not borrow money and refuse to return it; he does not refuse to pay his taxes; he does not manufacture intoxicating liquors; he does not attempt to rob poor men, as he has threatened to rob me. All these things I hear charged against Lanford, and since he began his efforts to gain possession of my farm all I can discover about him from those who know him best only makes his nature seem more contemptible and vile."

"We need not fear him, Joseph," the wife said, laying her hand upon his arm. "We are secure and happy here. Our child and our home make our earthly joy complete. Let us forget that we have ever heard his name."

"I do not fear him," rejoined her husband, "and still there was something in his face that I cannot forget. Whatever he may try to do in the way of injuring

me cannot be of much importance. What do I need beyond your presence and love, and the light and music which Rose brings to us?" And the strong man drew his wife closer and smoothed the brown hair, just beginning to be marked with silver.

The way of those who work for evil often is made easy beyond their hopes. Lanford had all the power of wealth and many unscrupulous helpers at his command, and while his threat to Addison had been uttered with little idea of the means by which he could carry it out, he did not doubt that he should find in time a way to accomplish his end. One of his tools found it even sooner than his employer anticipated.

Addison had paid the greater portion of the purchase price of his farm, leaving a part due in yearly payments, which he expected to meet easily. When he had finished his house and the other buildings required upon his farm, he found that their cost had far exceeded the estimates and the money he had planned to use for his first annual payment would be required to settle with the builders. He went to the agent, from whom he had bought the farm, stated his case, and at once was put at his ease. The agent said that the owner of the notes and mortgage did not need the money; the payments could be deferred a year, each in turn, as all were perfectly secure. This arrangement had been followed and the payments had been met with their accumulated interest a year later than the date set at first for their maturity. No agreement further than the word of the agent had been given, but as time had gone on and all seemed perfectly satisfactory, Addison had almost forgotten the extension of credit given him.

Lanford's agent discovered these facts, and also that the mortgage, as usual contained a clause declaring all deferred payments due on default in the payment of any one. Some little strategy was required before Lanford's man was able to buy the notes and mortgage for his master, as the agent for the owner was an honorable man and would have protected Addison had he believed that a danger threatened him. He was not told that Lanford wanted the notes or his suspicions would have been aroused, and the whole transaction was arranged through deceit on one side, little suspected by the other.

The notes and mortgage once in Lanford's hands the way was made easy, and Addison was soon apprised of the hold that had been secured upon him.

"I will not be hard on you," said Lanford, while the ring of triumph in his tone told how well he knew that his terms could not be met by his victim. "I will give you a week, or say ten days, to raise the money due. Of course I mean the whole amount unpaid, as all the notes are due under the provisions of the mortgage. In ten days pay me $18,000 and the notes are yours and your place free of incumbrance. But don't think that I can wait any longer than that. I shall proceed to foreclose on the eleventh day if the mortgage is still in my possession."

This came like a flash of lightning from a clear sky upon Addison. He could not bring himself to realize the terrible truth for minutes, and while he heard the smooth words and malignant voice, and saw him turn away as if ashamed to stand face to face with the man he proposed to ruin, the poor man could only stand silent, suddenly stricken speechless and devoid of feeling.

All too soon the awakening came, and with a groan he slowly dragged himself up the path to the door that he felt might soon be closed against him by the tyrant.

With reflection came hope.

"I can find some one who will lend me the money to meet this demand," he cried. "The security is four times the amount of the debt. Surely I can secure a loan within ten days."

But it was not so easily done. Many expressed their willingness to aid him, but the amount was too large for their unemployed capital. Others listened with seeming interest until Lanford's name was mentioned and then suddenly grew cold. One after another of those who had money to lend proclaimed their inability to furnish the sum required, giving various reasons which seemed specious and insincere to Addison. He had borrowed money, but never so large a sum, and never had he sought a loan in such stress of circumstances. His anxiety made his perceptions all too keen, and he seemed to feel even before he was answered the chill of the reception given him in office after office, where he sought bankers and brokers. Only one banker spoke frankly:

"I would be glad to assist you Mr. Addison, but our institution makes it a rule never to interfere in any matter where Mr. Lanford is concerned. I would not like to incur the man's displeasure, or disturb his plans. He would be a powerful and relentless enemy."

Day by day Addison's hope diminished. His heart was heavy, his head bowed down. He had said to himself in the beginning of his struggle that he would not be conquered, that he would fight to the death, and the Puritan blood in his veins tingled and his courage rose as it rose in the breasts of his ancestors on New England's battle fields. He said the words over to himself now, "To the death," and they took on a more terrible meaning. It was not death to him, it was distress and poverty for those nearer and dearer than all else on earth. He could fight to the end, but that end was not far away, and the end was defeat and ruin. He was in the grasp of a monster whose power was only equalled by his cruelty, and who thirsted for his destruction.

Happy the novelist who, by easy artifice, can rescue his hero from the direst trait, and preserve unharmed his heroine, surrounded by the greatest peril. The historian can use no such device. This is a record of events as they transpired, and most unfortunately Addison's case was only one of many whose somber episodes darken the pages of California's story.

Ruth Addison had borne many a sorrow but the possible loss of the beloved homestead inflicted a mortal wound, and before the day arrived, which was to see Lanford's threat put into execution, she had closed her eyes wearily, and with her hands folded across her breast, rested in peace for the great day that shall search the hearts of all.

Beneath a drooping willow, only a little way from the window through which she had looked for the last time upon the world, Joseph Addison made the grave of his wife, and there she was laid one summer evening while the birds sang in the boughs all through the grove.

Those who had known Joseph Addison well in former years would scarcely have recognized him as he stood by the mound of freshly turned earth. His face was sunken and ghastly, his eyes burned with a light which was strange to them, his movements were those of one walking in his sleep. No mortal enemy whose heart had ever known a tender feeling could have gazed upon him and not been filled with sympathy.

The few friends who had gathered to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed one went away and left Addison beside the grave, and there he remained through the summer night. The dawn of the day, which was to see him dispossessed of his home, the acres which had become still more precious to the stricken man as the resting place of the one who had been most dear to him, found him still there, crouched upon the earth, his face and hands livid as those of a corpse, his eyes bloodshot and wild.

The sound of wheels upon the drive from the street aroused him. He gave one glance at the approaching vehicle and, with a groan, staggered to his feet. It brought the agents of Lanford, eager to serve the notice which should mark the beginning of the legal farce speedily to end with Addison's eviction.

The half-crazed man stood for a moment watching its approach. His hands clenched and the great veins upon his temples throbbed with a fury that overwhelmed him. With one sharp cry, almost like that of a hunted animal brought to bay, he sprang to meet the carriage, then, turning suddenly, plunged into the leafy covert on the other side, and disappeared forever from the spot which he had reclaimed and beautified.

Chapter II.

LANFORD came to California from the East, but years before Joseph Addison, and his career had been a more favored one. Its true history, if told without embellishment or extenuation, would read more like a story from the Arabian Nights than the life of an American citizen of the nineteenth century. This brief sketch can do little more than present a few flash-light views of the man, but they are absolutely true in feature and expression, even if unartistic in pose and attending circumstances.

Born in one of the larger towns of the Granite State, he received a fair education, and almost from his boyhood spoke his ambition to become rich and powerful. The reports of the treasures found in the sands of California inflamed his avarice, and his early manhood saw him established in a mining camp on the Pacific Coast, at a time when the long and perilous journey from the East made many an older and more experienced man hesitate in his decision to seek the gold fields.

Not for him the pick and shovel, however. He saw a more certain harvest to be garnered with less exertion. With the trader's instinct, he was soon dealing with the miners, adding to his gains by buying and selling, and taking advantage of the trust and ignorance of the gold hunters in every way. The temptation to profit at the expense of honesty in weighing out gold was too strong for him, and while for some months his methods were unquestioned, there came a time when he felt obliged to quit the camp suddenly, and thus avoid the embarrassment and serious uncertainties of lynch law. From that day avarice was one of the controlling passions of his life, and its power stifled every humane feeling that should have found a home in his heart.

His next location was in the metropolis of the State, and there he was a dry goods merchant for years. Success attended his efforts, as it did in nearly every case in those early days, when a golden stream poured steadily from the mines, and the needs of the people were satisfied without regard to cost. His unvarying success in business and the steady growth of his wealth soon ceased to satisfy his ambition, and the field of politics secured attention.

Americans, as a rule, delight in holding office. In the early history of the country it was an honor to receive the votes of the people for a public position. There could be no more convincing evidence that the candidate occupied a high place in the esteem of his fellow citizens. Time was when the man deemed worthy of an office could not afford to solicit votes, or hope to win preferment by duplicity and corruption.

The new school has been formed by men like Lanford, who take their principles of business into the political field. With them it is a game in which no man's word is taken to bind him against his own pecuniary interest. Honesty and sincerity are unknown quantities, and double dealing and falsehood looked for and found on every side. Men have been taught to regard their vote as merchandise, to be sold outright to the highest bidder, or bartered for something which will bring money. Lanford, and those like him, have sown the dragon's teeth, and no man can say when this republic shall see their last fell harvest gathered.

Lanford reduced political science to one brief rule: "Find out how many votes you need, then go and get them, no matter how." There is no possibility of failure when this rule is carried out, and Lanford has never used any other. His office-seeking resulted as successfully as his other commercial enterprises, and if with little honor to himself, his financial interests were promoted with cumulative power. For two years he stood in the broad light shed upon a high State office, and made the most of its opportunities, and then more important plans caused him to lay aside for a time his thoughts of still higher place.

Lanford was not alone in his scheming, even in those days, and his associates naturally possessed many of the qualities which distinguished this most eminent man. With little native ability Lanford labored under some other disadvantages. Blessed with a tall and massive form and an iron constitution, he was slow in gait and speech, and his manner was as unattractive as his appearance. His heavy countenance bore a scowl habitually, his shifty eyes never glittered but were dull under heavy brows, seldom meeting the gaze of the one he spoke with. In his most studied attitude there was a suggestion of shrinking from an expected blow, that seemed to belie his reputation for resolution and bulldog courage. His face told the story of fear, perhaps of those whom he had wronged, as if his figure trembled under the lash which should have been raised above it. To those who most deserved his gratitude he could not be warm and sympathetic; to the world he seemed an icicle among men. He never had a familiar companion; not even a brute would ever follow him with affection. His policy always has been to buy up an old enemy rather than reward an old friend.

No man ever understood his own weakness better than Lanford, and his chosen lieutenants seldom lacked the prepossessing appearance and ingratiating manner which he would have given much to possess.

Among the many who joined hands willingly with this daring and unscrupu-

lous man were several who, like him, had laid the foundations of great fortunes since their arrival in California, and what they lacked in ready capital they made up in assurance and fertility of invention.

A scheme for a great corporation came into being through their association, and although it was to be an undertaking requiring perhaps a hundred millions for its construction, these plotters, with sublime self-reliance, plunged into the project when all their available assets did not amount to $125,000.

But there were methods in their madness in this bold stroke for millions. In the beginning it was proposed to induce the United States Government to furnish the means for construction and practically guarantee the success of the enterprise. With such aid there could be no doubt of ultimate success.

There is no desire on the part of the writer to undervalue the achievements of the plotters, and no necessity to belittle the grand results which their united efforts brought about. For eight long years the work went on, and Lanford was ever at the head. Even his rugged strength and health were tried by the labor which he was forced to endure. While it was his part to be upon the ground and see that all went well with the department assigned to him, his busy brain was wrestling with the difficulties far away, and his directions often enabled his partners to succeed where less courageous counsel would have been fatal.

The true history of the building up of the great corporation will never be written. There are secrets whose publication would banish sleep from the pillows of statesmen and capitalists, and perhaps awaken the long-slumbering vengeance of a defrauded people. Some are known in part to those who would be glad to tell them, but none save the solitary, heavy-browed Lanford carries the weight of all.

With the completion of the work the world rang with the glory of those who had planned and carried into execution the great enterprise, and the plotters drank to their own prosperity with well-earned satisfaction. Their work was not yet done, however. The road was in operation, its treasury receiving a steadily increasing flow of gold, far in excess of the amounts called for by the running expense, but there were problems yet to solve, grave promises to fulfill.

The government had exacted bonds whose conditions required the repayment of money advanced, the people had received solemn assurances of liberal rates on all traffic. Long before the officers of the road were called upon to face these obligations they had matured plans not to meet but to evade responsibility for them.

The government, through its legislators and officials, was induced to forego its claims, but whether specious arguments or pecuniary remembrances, judiciously placed, were most effective in this matter only the private records of the company would show.

The promises made to the people of California were disposed of with less

trouble. Slaves cannot dictate to masters, and the road speedily made its patrons slaves. It was absolute in its power. Merchants who wished to receive goods from the East were forced to pay the rates demanded. To those who would agree to ship or receive goods by no other agency, over land or water, the road offered a reduction in rates, and to make the fulfillment of this contract certain, it required the written agreement of the business man to exhibit his books at any time to the railroad officials. Those who refused to sign such an agreement found it impossible to compete in business with those who had purchased the favor of the railroad, and were obliged to retire from trade.

Business men did not wear, without complaining, the yoke placed upon their shoulders by Lanford and his partners, but their efforts to rid themselves of the burden availed them nothing. Steamship lines were subsidized and put in operation only to be promptly purchased, and every show of opposition to the monopoly met with an attack so savage that individual enterprise was paralyzed with alarm, and even concerted action speedily forced to acknowledge its inability to succeed.

But in the East there were other capitalists and railroad builders, and to them the people looked for aid. An opposition line of road across the plains and over the mountains would be a good investment, even if conducted fairly, and it would force Lanford to loosen his grasp upon the commerce of the State.

The matter was agitated, the public manifested its eagerness to help on such an enterprise, and it appeared to some of the more sanguine that it must succeed.

Lanford and his partners had not waited for this movement to become organized. They had looked far ahead, anticipated opposition and revolt and secretly prepared to meet it in the only effective way. The second line to the East should be built, but they would build it. They had secured already important concessions from State and Federal Governments, and profiting by the experience gained in their earlier enterprise, had guards at every avenue through which might come success or defeat.

They were so well fortified in every position of advantage that the railroad builders of the East declined to take hold of an opposing enterprise.

The second line to the East was completed, and on plans which enabled its originators to realize more enormous profits than they had dreamed of in their first success. Millions in money and millions of acres of the public domain were secured, and while the builders in their private meetings gloated over their gains, in public they posed as men who had labored long and faithfully for the good of the State, and without hope or possibility of reward.

As before, the promises made to the people were disregarded, and complaints, petitions and threats were met with stolid indifference. All traffic was taxed to the life limit, and every method of deceit and oppression discovered in the management of the first road adopted with improvements for the second.

The government fared no better than the people, for the railroad pleaded poverty and inability to meet its engagements, and dishonored every obligation entered into. Summoned before the courts its officials refused to show their books or answer questions, and trusted to the secret use of money to secure immunity from punishment.

Protected by the apathy or self-interest of Congressmen in its thefts from the national treasury, and holding in contempt the courts, which it believed it could purchase or intimidate, there is little wonder that in its stronghold, the State of California, the corporation became all powerful and utterly reckless of public sentiment. Its oppression of individuals and firms continued, with studied refinement of its inquisitorial methods; its clutch on would-be opposing lines of ships and steamers tightened, and the commerce of one of the greatest harbors in the world began to decay; its obligations to the government were repudiated, and all the machinery of the law defied in its refusal to pay taxes upon its property; its greed for gain increased from day to day, its cruelty knew no check.

Lanford was the head of this monster of monopoly. If every plan to drain public and private coffers into the vaults of the company were not his, to him alone was due the credit for the soulless policy which knew no human feeling.

Miles away from the line of the great road Lanford's agents found a peaceful valley, smiling with plenty and filled with humble yet happy homes. None who saw it thus for the first time could realize that it had once been a desolate sink hole, with no grateful vegetation and seemingly incapable of being reclaimed and tilled.

One after another strong-armed and patient-hearted men had gone into the slough and with their shovels made ditches and embankments, running the water in channels where it could reach the barren soil, and with infinite toil and application created gardens where once a desert reigned. Year by year the gardens grew, the huts in which the settlers lived took on more and more the appearance of homes, and the little valley seemed almost an Eden of peace and contentment.

Toward this spot, although far from its projected course, the company slowly reached out an iron arm, and the settlers, warned of its approach, dreamed that it was meant for their advantage, that it held gifts of value in its hand. The arm reached the valley, and, all at once, it laid a grasp of steel upon the homesteads.

The government had granted the corporation the land not otherwise appropriated along its lines, and here the settlers had not yet secured title, and accordingly were unable to defend themselves against the rapacity of the company. They could not believe that they would be driven from the fruitful land which they had made from a barren slough after years of patient labor, but they had not known this company long. The order for their removal was imperative, and when some of the farmers stood up boldly for their rights, they were shot down in cold blood by officers who knew the company would pay well for such fiendish service.

The wrong of the peaceful settlers of Mussel Slough, some buried on the land which they died to defend, others wandering in hopeless poverty from place to place, can never be redressed, but the terrible tragedy enacted there will never be forgotten, and there are hours when its ghastly remembrance rises and chills the blood of those who were responsible for it.

To secure terminal accommodations for his company Lanford found it necessary to use various plans. The people feared and hated him, and though they knew he would find a way to get what he wanted, they determined to make him pay a heavy price for the land required. The farm of Joseph Addison was one of the lots which Lanford had set his heart upon especially, and to one who with every show of insensibility had gone through a hundred experiences as well calculated to touch the heart and call forth pity, the agony he caused in carrying out his plans to gain possession of the grange was as little to him as the moaning of the wind in the forest, the rolling of the waves upon the sea shore.

At length came an opportunity for which Lanford had waited. The election of a high officer by the Legislature of the State was at hand, and he determined to win the prize. That he was openly accused of dishonesty and the abuse of power; that he was hated and despised by upright men; that he could not be elected to the humblest place on any party ticket by fair and unbought votes, he knew very well, but he knew also that his crimes had never been fastened upon him by the courts; that he was feared wherever he was known, and that his money could buy every legislator in the market and tempt and demoralize those who were more needy and weak than corrupt.

His preparations were made a secret but with precision and certainty. Two days before the election the candidate who believed himself to be Lanford's choice, and who had received assurance of all possible aid from the magnate, was amazed by a rumor that the great man himself was in the field. Accompanied by a friend the candidate hurried to Lanford's rooms, and was given an interview, his friend waiting in an ante-room. Lanford assured him the rumor was unfounded, that instead of being a candidate he was anxious to see his friend elected. The friend came away in smiling confidence, and while he was told that he had been deceived—visitors in the ante-room during the call understood the situation perfectly—he would not allow his faith in Lanford to waver again. Within forty-eight hours the election took place and Lanford was chosen by a safe majority, secured in a manner that can be understood fully by those only who have been allowed to work under the autocrat of the coast. Not many months afterward the friend, whom Lanford so cruelly betrayed, died of a broken heart.

As a member of the high branch of the Nation's Congress Lanford could not make a new name or reputation. His career was too well known, the circumstances of his election too generally understood to be ignored. His manner was too

cold and openly selfish to attract new acquaintances, and his ability to express himself well in debate was not equal to his wish to distinguish himself. What wealth could buy was his, but his honors were empty ones, for he knew that he was not respected by the able and incorruptible members.

Lanford's ambition was not yet satisfied. With his millions, his residences in city and country furnished with all that taste could suggest and money procure, still the figure-head of a great company, and honored with the highest office within the disposal of the people of his State, he felt that he occupied still a lowly niche in public esteem, and he thirsted for eminence. Whatever he might achieve on earth he knew he must accomplish with the aid of the gold for which he had plotted and toiled, sacrificed his honor and imperiled his soul. With the wealth of a Crœsus he might buy immortality. And while this thought was ever in his brain, there grew and strengthened with it such a desire to keep his money, to hold his enormous possessions to the last, that he could not overpower it. He felt that he must possess the world's praise, but he could not bring himself to pay the price.

Millionaires are not rare, and among them are many who seek for ways to do good with their wealth. Their benefactions are not often advertised before the world, but the unfortunate who have been assisted, the despairing who have been given hope remember them with gratitude in their prayers, and the light of joy reflected from their faces makes bright and warm the hearts of their benefactors. For such philanthropists no monuments or storied urns may rise to preserve the record of their good deeds, but they have given this no thought. It is the blessedness of giving, not the gratification of selfish desire for praise which actuates them.

Lanford could not, even if he would, appreciate such motives. His heart was cold and could not move with emotion. In his early years, while struggling with limited capital, a friend loaned him money to keep him from distress. Years after that friend's widow, poverty stricken and feeble, came to Lanford's door to ask for aid, and was coldly turned away, Lanford refusing to see her.

Such a man could not be generous. He had denied his fellow creatures justice all his life, and no thought of reparation ever crossed his mind. If he made a pretense of gifts to the deserving poor there was a reason for his action.

The brain that planned the extortions and robberies which had made a great corporation infamous, that laid the snares which caught the astute legislators of his State and held them firmly, was equal to the problem set before it. Distinction, praise and lasting honor should be his, and it should be purchased for a song—more, the act should be made a source of revenue.

From East to West, throughout the country, the newspapers suddenly flamed with praise of generous Lanford, and column after column was given to descriptions of the great benevolent project which he had decided upon. Others had

made regal bequests to charitable institutions, but his gift would overshadow all that wealthy donors before him had done. Others had endowed schools and colleges with lavish hand, but he would do more than any.

He would build an institution, furnish it, engage the services of learned professors for every department, endow it with a capital of millions, and give the whole to the State and people to whom he owed his greatness. It should be the grandest institution in the great country which its founder was proud to call his own.

In spite of such professions the great gift was never made. Lanford was named the "monarch philanthhopist of the nation" because of his announced plans, but while he gloried in the title bestowed upon him by those who knew but little of his real character, he broke his promise as unhesitatingly as he had broken promises a thousand times before.

As he defrauded the government in his conduct of corporation business, so did he defraud the State in his noble philanthropy. As he robbed and swindled the merchants of his own city in his traffic contracts, so did he rob and swindle the people who put faith in his promises for the institution. As every enterprise with which he was connected from his youth up was turned to his own pecuniary benefit, so did he turn this enterprise to his own personal profit. As he gained office by treachery, bribery and corruption, so did he purchase the title of philanthropist, and to all who know the man and his work the honor given him is vain and empty.

Had Lanford in truth been stricken with remorse and in his declining years decided to make some partial reparation to the people he had plundered, to give back some of the gold which he had wrung from unwilling commerce and suffering labor. he might have planned such a benefaction; but to be honest, to feel remorse, to desire to do a truly charitable act was impossible with his nature.

Lanford possessed a farm with an expanse of level land of no great worth. On the hillsides surrounding were ranches whose value was placed at higher figures and for good reasons.

This flat Lanford chose as the site of his charity, but before his decision was announced he had purchased, through his agents, all the land surrounding. He knew well that the planting of a great institution there would enhance values and in this he could regain some of the money he was obliged to expend.

The institution became a reality, but it was never given to the State. Its title is still vested in the man who founded it, and the institution is as much under his control as the affairs of his own household. Its employes are appointed by Lanford, and when called upon do his bidding. And it is not free, as was promised, but requires the payment of fees in excess of those exacted by less favored institutions.

In short, this is a great speculation, which may in time pay dollar for dollar to

to its builder and owner. His lands in the immediate neighborhood are sold in small lots at good prices, and with every sale the value of that still remaining unsold is enhanced. The salaries of the employes are not met completely by the receipts from patrons, but the amount to be made up is not so large that it cannot be considered well earned by those who receive it, when it is known that their chief occupation is to magnify before men the philanthropy of its builder.

Lanford hoped to make his re-election secure by the great gift he had made, or was about to make to the people of his State, but as the end of his term drew near he discovered that he stood no higher in public esteem than before. Another difficulty was the fact that one of his partners in his schemes had become jealous of his success and power, and proposed to defeat him.

Where he had hoped to find a smooth sea and fair winds, Lanford found opposing currents and a threatening storm that might bring shipwreck. Every means at his disposal was brought into use, all the connections of other days which could serve his purpose were revived, and many a new recruit was enrolled in his ranks, chosen from the young men just entering on the field of action, and all unaware of the blighting influence which any close acquaintance with Lanford brought.

At the crisis of the struggle Lanford sent thousands to the battlefield, and his agent used enough of the money to secure his master's election, and pocketed the remainder. Lanford's chief opponent, his former friend and partner, sent nearly as great a sum to oppose his election, but it was placed in the hands of a man who virtuously concluded to keep it for his own use rather than to expend it in bribery and it never reached the hands for which it was intended.

Lanford was victorious, but at a cost far greater than he anticipated. Aching with disappointment Lanford's former partner began to tell in public some of the secrets of the long-continued iniquitous partnership, and charged his associate openly with using from the funds of the partnership, the immense sum expended corruptly in his campaign. More he might have told, but his own connection with many of Lanford's nefarious acts made it difficult for him to prove his charge.

Twice elected to his eminent position, Langford allowed his ambition to soar still higher, and dreams of securing the first place in the government floated through his scheming brain. He thought he saw in the movement inaugurated by the farmers of the country an opportunity to place himself at the head of a growing and perhaps one day successful party. His professed espousal of the doctrines set forth required no mental reservation on his part; he was ready to take an advanced position in every issue if he could curry favor by the act. His name began to be repeated with favor in the councils of the party, in parts of the country where his career of corruption and oppression was not well known, and it is hard to say how far this wave of sentiment might have carried him had not an idiotic speech of one of his hirelings served to wreck the craft just fairly launched.

Prof. Zargon, one of his employes and an eager disciple of the great man who had given him the appointment, secured an opportunity to make an address on agriculture in one of the important cities of the State. The subject was his hobby, and in its discussion, he allowed his fancy to soar unrestrained by fact or discretion. In one of his flights of oratory he characterized the farmers of California as an ignorant and besotted class, who made no advancement in methods or results, and whose lack of prosperity was due to idleness, extravagance and drunkenness.

As reasonably might have been expected, the farmers in his audience resented the gratuitous insults and reported the speaker's abuse to the grange. At meetings of the order the language used was read and received with indignation, and in answer a resolution was adopted pronouncing the charge a cowardly and malicious falsehood, and characterizing the speaker as a hireling who deserved the contempt of honest men, creature as he was of one who had robbed the farmers of California for years, and drawing his salary from a fund which had been created by extortion.

This resolution was sent to the councils of the farmers throughout the country and its effect was instantaneous. The estimate placed upon the character of Lanford by the farmers of his State has been accepted as the true one by their brothers of the plow throughout the land, and the dream of political advancement at their hands has melted into thin air.

Is it the beginning of the end ? Is the ripple of indignation, caused by a thoughtless slur, to swell into a wave mighty enough to overcome all the power of this monarch of oppression ? Incidents of seemingly far less moment have put forces at work that overthrew great parties and buried individuals forever beneath the waters of oblivion.

Another proceeding increased the indignation of the masses. It was the successful effort to destroy a Grand Jury that was honestly endeavoring to indict Lanford and his minions. He proved powerful enough to cause the highest tribunal of the State to reverse one of its own decisions in the short space of six weeks. The Court first decided that the Grand Jury had the power to summon witnesses, and then in less than two months decided the same body illegal. Thus the people awoke to the fact that their liberties were in danger ; for history does not furnish another instance when criminals have been able to destroy a Grand Jury—one of the chief bulwarks of free men.

Chapter III.

ONE clear, bright spring morning Lanford and a few of his interested partisans stood on the plain of Alto Vallo, brought to the spot by the great man's purpose of selecting that day a site for his charity None among those who surrounded the princely giver dared to hin that on the hillside beyond a much more eligible place could be selected for the buildings, where the view could take in the bay in front and all the country roundabout. They may have appeared to believe they were called in consultation, but not one would have dared to state his choice until he had been given a cue by the imperator.

Suddenly a stranger appeared in their midst. His form was bent, his clothing poor, his countenance bore the marks of despairing sorrow, but while his words were uttered with the intensity of desperation, his language was well chosen and he stood self-possessed and firm, his burning eyes fixed upon the impassive face of Lanford. He spoke as if able to prove every charge he brought, and his arraignment of the man before him will be remembered long by all who heard him.

"At last we meet again," he said, and a momentary gleam of recognition and fear seemed to pass across Lanford's face as he heard the words. "The time has come when I can tell you what you are, and you and your friends must listen to me. They say you are here to carry out a scheme of benevolence, to begin a work which shall convince the world you are a philanthropist. Before you perform this generous act make your hands clean. Pay your debts to the government, to me and to the hundreds you have defrauded. Review your life. Think of the acts of treachery and deceit you have committed, the Judges you have bribed, the Legislatures you have corrupted. Think of the contempt you brought upon yourself when you refused to show your books in the United States Court, and thus acknowledged that you were guilty of the charges brought against you. Think of the friend you betrayed and ruined, and sent broken-hearted to the grave, while you took his place. Think of the business men you forced into bankruptcy, of the distress caused by your exactions from every patron of the

railroad. Think of the school children who have been deprived of their rights because you and yours refused to pay the taxes due the State and forced the schools to close. Think of Mussel Slough and its horrors, and the graves you and yours have made in that once happy settlement.

"Why God permits you to live I know not, and while you may be able to bribe the Judges of earth, it is a consolation to know that you cannot bribe the Judge of Heaven.

"You a philanthropist! As well class the dwellers at San Quentin among the pure and good. You have not the first element of generosity in your soul. You are despised by every good man who knows you, and you cannot know peace or happiness until you have changed. Until you make some attempt to right the wrongs you have inflicted, to pay the just claims against you, there will be no rest or security for you. The spirits of Ohen, O'lure, Awyer and Rooman, who are suffering the tortures of hell for serving you faithfully, haunt you night and day!"

The speaker vanished as suddenly and as mysteriously as he appeared, but for many minutes there was a restraint upon the little party which told that the words he had spoken carried more weight than the idle fancies of a madman, as Lanford pretended to regard them.

The story of the strange appearance on that spring morning is told sometimes by those who saw the man and listened to his words, and it is said that the bent figure still is seen occasionally, lone and uncanny, moving about the hills at twilight like some spirit of unrest.

It may be the wreck of Joseph Addison. It is years since that terrible morning when his brain gave way under its weight of sorrow, and he disappeared in the woods about his once happy home, but no trace of his return to that spot ever has been seen.

The house is now in ruins, by idle gossip made the home of unquiet spirits. Passers-by gaze towards it curiously, and "The Round House," as it is known, is never forgotten by those who look upon its crumbling walls and silent desolation. The daily papers speak of it at times by chance, and new reporters call upon their imagination for stories to suit its mystery. Never has its true story been told until now, and notwithstanding the detective force of the company has been used to discover the whereabouts of Addison, they have thus far failed. Few realize the vast extent and infamous acts of this force. It surpasses Russia in its thorough organization and its vindictiveness, and no man is safe in life or property when these tyrants seek revenge or annihilation. It is possible that many of the mysterious disappearances so prevalent in the State may be traced to the acts of these outlaws who obey with slavish fidelity every mandate of their rulers. Yet this is free America! We boast that there are no slaves within our

borders. God help the freeman who dares to assert his rights in opposition to these conspirators!

* * * * * * * * * *

There are friends who still remember Joseph Addison, and often call to mind the tragic events which drove him from the sight of men. Should some strange fate call him back to the scenes that knew him so well in the past, he will be welcomed warmly, and so much of rest and happiness as may be given to him by those whom once he generously aided.

Of him who brought such sorrow to the Addison home, whose greed and cruelty made that home a ruin, what more can be said? Earth may not know his humiliation and just punishment, but the time will come when the name which he would write with pride over the door of a great institution, to be regarded with honor by youth and manhood alike, will be a synonym for hypocrisy, and be uttered only with contempt.

THE OLD-TIME WAIL.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON

[An Associated Press dispatch described the utterance of a Farmers' Alliance meeting in Kansas as consisting mostly of "the old time wail of distress."]

Still Dives hath no peace. Broken his slumber,
His feasts are troubled and his pleasures fail;
For still he hears from voices without number
The old-time wail.

They gather yet in field and town and city,
The people, discontented, bitter, pale;
And murmur of oppression, pain and pity,
The same old wail.

And weary Dives jaded in his pleasures,
Finding the endless clamor tiresome—stale,
Would gladly give a part of his wide treasures
To quiet that old wail.

Old? Yes, as old as Egypt. Sounding lowly
From naked millions in the desert hid
Starving and bleeding while they builded slowly
The Pharaoh's pyramid.

As old as Rome. That endless empire's minions
  Raised ever and again the same dull cry,
And even Cæsar's eagle bent his pinions
  While it disturbed the sky.

As old as the dark ages. The lean peasant,
  Numerous, patient, still as time went by
Made his lord's pastimes something less than pleasant
  With that unceasing cry.

It grew in volume down the crowding ages—
  Unheeded still, and unappeased, it swelled,
And now it pleads in pain, and now it rages—
  The answer still withheld.

A century ago it shrieked and clamored
  Till trembled emperors and kings grew pale;
At gates of palaces it roared and hammered,
  The same old wail.

It got no final answer, though its passion
  Altered the face of Europe, monarchs slew;
But ere it sank to silence, in some fashion,
  Others were wailing, too!

And now in broad America we hear it
  From crowded streets, from boundless hill and vale.
Hear, Dives! Have ye not some cause to fear it?
  This old-time wail?

Louder, my brothers! Let us wail no longer,
  Like those past sufferers whose hearts did break;
We are a wiser race, a braver, stronger,
  Let us not ask, but take.

So Dives shall have no distress soever,
  No sound of anguished voice by land or sea:
The old-time wail shall stilled be forever
  And Dives shall not be!

—*New Nation.*

God, give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands:
MEN whom the LUST of office does not KILL:
Men whom the SPOILS of office CANNOT buy:
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor,—Men who WILL NOT lie:
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flattery without winking:
TALL men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking:
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their LOUD professions, and their LITTLE deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

—J. G. Holland.

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